Numb. 70.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, May the 30th. 1682.

Jeſt. ALAS! for the Cauſe! the Cauſe! I tell ye, Brother *Earneſt*, the Cauſe lies very ſick and weak, and in all appearance near the point of Departure; the State-Quacks have e'en given her over for deſperate; there's a Clout tied about the Rapper of the Door to prevent any Noiſe; the Church-warden of the Pariſh, even upon the joyful day of the Duke's arrival, was earneſtly deſired not to ſuffer the Bells to be rung for fear of diſturbing her; all common Viſits are excuſed, ſeveral intimate Friends and Confidents have been denied admittance; only ſome few Relations are about her, who ſtand whiſt and ſilent, expecting the minute when ſhe ſhould depart in Peace.

Earn. Expecting, ſay you? I gueſs what you mean by all this Lurry, but you are out in the wording your own Story, it ſhould have been *hoping?* for to my knowledg ſome of her neareſt Kindred wiſh ſhe were dead, and could be heartily glad to ſee her decently interr'd.

Jeſt. Why, I can't imagine that any of them are like to get much by her death; for ſince ſhe loſt her Jointure by the Kings happy Reſtauration, I am certain ſhe has been very poor.

Earn. Right, but you muſt conſider that according to the Rules of thriftyOeconomicks, *What is ſav'd is got*; ſhe has been an expenſive Baggage, and ſo they will *ſave* their Purſes; likewiſe ſhe is touchy, peeviſh, and (till of late that ſhe has been taken ſpeechleſs) over-talkative in point of Politicks, and ſo ſome of them may hope thereby to *ſave* their Ears, and others, it may be, their Necks.

Jeſt. It's well for *them* then, as you ſuggeſt by the correction of my Phraſe, that ſhe's like to march off; but do you know what's her Malady? ſhe ſeem'd very buckſom and look'd well laſt *March* was twelve-month methought.

Earn. An affected Briskneſs or ſome preternatural flushings poſſibly; but I did not look upon her even then to be in a ſetled ſtate of health; and ſhe has been, you muſt know, in a declining and conſumptive Condition ever ſince. But is ſhe ſo poor, as not likely to leave her Friends any thing, d'ye ſay?

Jeſt. Troth, ſcarce any thing but what would ſhame an Inventory, only a ſmall ſtock of Hemp, which, by her Co-partnerſhip with the Proteſtant *Kidnapper*, ſhe had right to diſpoſe of, and that I am told ſhe has bequeathed to her Friends of the Aſſociation, part and ſhare alike by her Will; of which they ſay ſhe has made one Squire *Ketch* Executor.

Earn. Ye jeſt. But now you talk of Squires, how fares *Popular Cringe?* I am apt to think the Jugler has play'd his laſt Trick with that Manageable Puppet.

Jeſt. I am of your mind. And for all my jeſting, I can't but pity the man, who having a charge of Children ſhould ſuffer his vanity to load him with a Gold-Chain, by which he ſeems to have been led to the very brink of Ruin.

Earn. Do you look upon him as loſt then?

Jeſt. I do aſſure you, his own Party do, elſe they would not phraſe it thus, "It is not our "opinion, that men howſoever ſet in Authority "ſhould talk raſhly. We thought he had been "a man of more Temper. Who can help it, if "he will undo himſelf? And thus they leave the bulky Nothing a Martyr to his own Folly.

Earn. Such honour have all their Saints! for I have obſerved, that thoſe crafty Knaves, that ſit at the Helm of a Faction, and ſteer their motions, do uſually drop their Under-Zealots, when the ſucceſs does not anſwer expectation, and leave 'em to ſhift for themſelves; and then (as the wretched *Aſapi* in the TurkiſhArmies, ſerve only to be ſlaughter'd, and to embrue the Chriſtian Swords, and ſave the bloud of *Muſulmen*, which they take to be more precious) then, I ſay, theſe confiding Tools are delivered up to rebate the edge of Law and Juſtice, while the great managing Rogue eſcapes in the ſcuffle.

Jeſt. Or, (but that one would not liken a Squire to a Black-Pudding,) 'tis like the Thief, they talk of, that being hard purſued by a watchful Dog, threw out at every turn a Black-Pudding to employ him whilſt he made his eſcape: Even ſo does their Grand Cabal, who hope to ſtop the mouth of Juſtice when it comes up with 'em, with a forward daring Fool now and then, whom, if they don't betray, they'l forſake, with *Alas poor man, he was ſomewhat over-forward.*

Earn. So that methinks they ſhould learn to be a little cautious, and venture no farther than their Leaders and Adviſers.

Jeſt. That would be well done of 'em. As I obſerv'd

obſerv'd t'other day, a Gentleman being to croſs the water when it was rough, ask'd, who of the Water-men could ſwim? *I can ſwim*, ſays one, and *ſo can I*, ſays a ſecond, and *I*, quoth a third. *Can't you ſwim*, ſays the Gentleman to a fellow who before had ply'd him, but miſtaking the reaſon of the Queſtion then, ſilently ſneakt off, *No Maſter*, ſays he: *Then I'le venture with thee*, replies the Gentleman, *for regard to thy own ſafety will in all likelihood make thee more careful of me than theſe fellows would be, who can ſhift for themſelves though the Boat ſink.*

Earn. But what will your pity avail him you were ſpeaking of before? I would have you adviſe him.

Jeſt. To what I pray'e?

Earn. I was about to tell you, but you are ſo quick upon me: Adviſe him to go forthwith to the *Nags-head* Club yonder, and to make this ſhort Speech to the Folks there: "My Maſters, (and "'tis the laſt time I intend to call you ſo) Was it "for this that you ſo induſtriouſly applied to, fed, "and nouriſh'd my vain-glorious humour? Was "it that you might have an opportunity to divert "your ſelves with the ſpectacle of my down-fall, "and the ruine of my Family? Ought it not to "ſuffice, ye Scoundrels, that ever ſince I liſted my "ſelf of your Party, I have lain under the juſt "cenſure of all wiſe, ſober, truly Loyal and good "men? But muſt I be now derided by you? Hypo-"crites that you are, to pretend that you took me "for a man of *Temper*. Is the world ſuch a Block-"head dy'e think as to believe ye? Did ye ever "ſweat yet for a man of *Temper?* No, no, 'twas "my misfortune that ſome of you knew me better "than I knew my ſelf. All the while your Cauſe "(*Yours* I ſay, for 'tis high time for me to re-"nounce her) flouriſhed under the aſſiſtance of my "Purſe, and the labours of my Conſcience, ye "cry'd me up for a Patriot, a Worthy Citizen, and "all that. And now, alaſs, now that ye find She "is expiring to patch up you own credits, un-"grateful Villains! you expoſe my ſhame at all the "Coffee-houſes in the Town. Know, Varlets, that "if I periſh, it ſhall be at the feet of his Majeſty, "to whoſe Clemency ſome of you, I am ſure, owe "your heads. And know that henceforward ——

Jeſt. Prethee no more; Is this your ſhort Speech? I ſhall not remember half on't, and *his* memory is worſe than mine, and therefore he generally reads the Speeches that are made for him.

Earn. Therein I'le excuſe him, provided they be honeſt ones. But, as I have told you, this ill Fortune is common to him with the reſt of *their Saints*; for you know what's become of *B. Harris*, *F. Smith*, *College*, *Hickeringil*, *Wilmer*, and the reſt of their Martyrs, who are all gone the Black-pudding-way.

Jeſt. Well, and don't you *pity* theſe Sufferers? does it not extort compaſſion to ſee men Pillory'd, impriſon'd, hang'd, ruin'd for following the dictates of their Conſciences?

Earn. Juſt as much as it would to ſee a Rat pinch'd through the Guts in a Trap, or a Poll-Cat dangle upon a little Gallows in a Warren; for following the inſtinct of Nature in devouring Cheeſe or killing Poultrey. Nature, if I miſtake not, putting as ſtrong an obligation upon theſe, as the falſe opinion of things can put upon the Conſciences of thoſe.

Jeſt. I hope their forward men will take advice of S. *Sh.* who having learnt ſo far in his Accidence as to know the Engliſh of *Felix quem faciunt*, &c. and, good man, ſeeing how things are like to go, told a learned Lawyer, and a loyal Citizen, Friends of mine, "That for his part he was tired with "theſe carryings on, and if he could but getwell "clear of his preſent Office, he deſired to be no "more concern'd in publick matters.

Earn. Heaven ſend he don't go into *Berkſhire*; that Air, you know, has a ſtrange influence upon Scarlet.

Jeſt. He needs not go ſo far to beget an alteration in his Reſolves; for however wiſe he was at that time, I aſſure you, he's ſuch a *Shuttel-Cock*, that he ſoon after told one of thoſe perſons, "He "could change his mind twenty times a day.

Earn. A good politick Complexion! Who knows but he may come to be a Grandee in *Poland?*

Jeſt. Well, but News being ſcarce here in the Country, and green Peaſe and Cucumbers being not eaſily purchaſed by the ſmall allowance the *Tory-Plotter* has given us, I'le treat you with a cool diſh of Queries.

Earn. Let's have 'em then.

Quere. 1. Whether the Duke's Arrival was not received with more glad than ſorrowful countenances? And whether to the reſolution of this Query there need any other Trial, than a Poll between honeſt men and knaves?

2. Whether Sir *J. Longer*'s Deal-Boat being dreſs'd up with Jack, Flag, and Antient, like a Milk-maid's *May*-Garland, and furniſhed with Chambers, in order to ſalute his *R. Highneſs*, did not give offence to the ſober Party? And whether they will not ſuſpect there is not ſo much Grace in a blue Noſe as has been heretofore opin'd?

3. Whether the great Arab *Drawde Rekavibw*, who has ſquirted out ſo many ſilly Pamphlets for the ſake of the Cauſe, was not very much in the right, when to the Information againſt him he pleaded *minimè literatus, Anglice*, a Dunce? and whether the addition of *in Lingua Romana* was not made only to denote him a Proteſtant, as wanting other evidence to prove himſelf ſo?

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